

## Candace Black

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### Walking through a Painting by Francis Bacon

Red fields. Yellow fields.  
Black shadow.  
I walk between two trees.  
The green sky speaks  
to me, begs my black  
shadow to run  
away to the horizon.  
The yellow field spills  
over the lip of the world,  
black shadows of crow  
stitching one peasant's  
dream, one family's future,  
to weather.

I walk between two  
trees, then between  
two more. This road  
leads where I walked before.  
What will change?  
Red fields fallow. Yellow  
fields tilled to winter's  
weight. My black shadow  
still crossed by the crow's  
inquisitive flight.